La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if ye will heare me name it. *you*
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till *I* lie with you.
La. *I* hope ſo.
Glo. *I* know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits, *your*
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So *I* might reſt that houre in your ſweet boſome. *one*
La. If I thought that, *I* tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes. *their* *my*
Glo. Theſe eies could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So *I* by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would *I* were to be reuengde on thee.
Glo. *It* is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you. *reuenged thee.*
La. *It* is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

La. His better doth not breath vpon
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you b
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantag
that *La.* Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfe ſame name, but one of
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *She ſpitteth*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee? *ſpit*
La. Would it were mortall poyſon fo
Glo Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler t
ſite Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my e
Glo. Thine eyes ſweet Lady haue infec
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtri
Glo. I would they were, that I might dy
they For now thy kill mee with a liuing death
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue dra
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childi
I neuer ſued to friend nor enemie,
My tougue could neuer learne ſweete ſoo
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fee:
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my to
my Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee
I laie it naked to the deadly ſtroke:
And humbly beg the death vpon my kn
Nay, do not pauſe, twas *I* that kild your
But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king H
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me o
thy Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me.
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh th
I will not be the executioner.
Glo Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I w
La. I haue alreadie.